

button and the roar of the man-sea
crashes in a frothy tide over the soft,
lost land? Throw a switch and the
face of the moustains and full-throat-
ed rivers disintegrates, crumbles?
Stack the pyramids so high that the
clouds are strangled, dazzle the sun
with shimmering rockets, claw at the
entrails of the hills—soar, soar, soar?
The age is a jungle. The jungle is
filled with them. "Visionaries!" Yes,
I suppose but I can see them
lost in the web of this jungle. They

can't wait. They're afraid of a new
Time; and it is coming. By the
infinite hours and seconds — it is
coming. A great, frightened quiet is
coming to outswell the smashed notes
and lacerated canvas and grotesque
figures. The slam of the age's door
will fade away. Then I can set and
watch a moon-blue evening and the
ice fingers of the tree limbs. Perhaps
I'll even hear a fur-lined quatrain
or a soft brush stroke. I might have
time to walk in the snow.

Rhyme For A Volume Of W. H. Hudson

ALLYN WOOD

The speckled adder was his friend
(World, unbend! World, unbend!)
He loved the pampas-without-end,
His purple land; the Orinoco;
The Amazonian Matto Grosso—
Which are rather far from Soho.
Yet Gulf Stream turns to pekos-blend
And London had him in the end.